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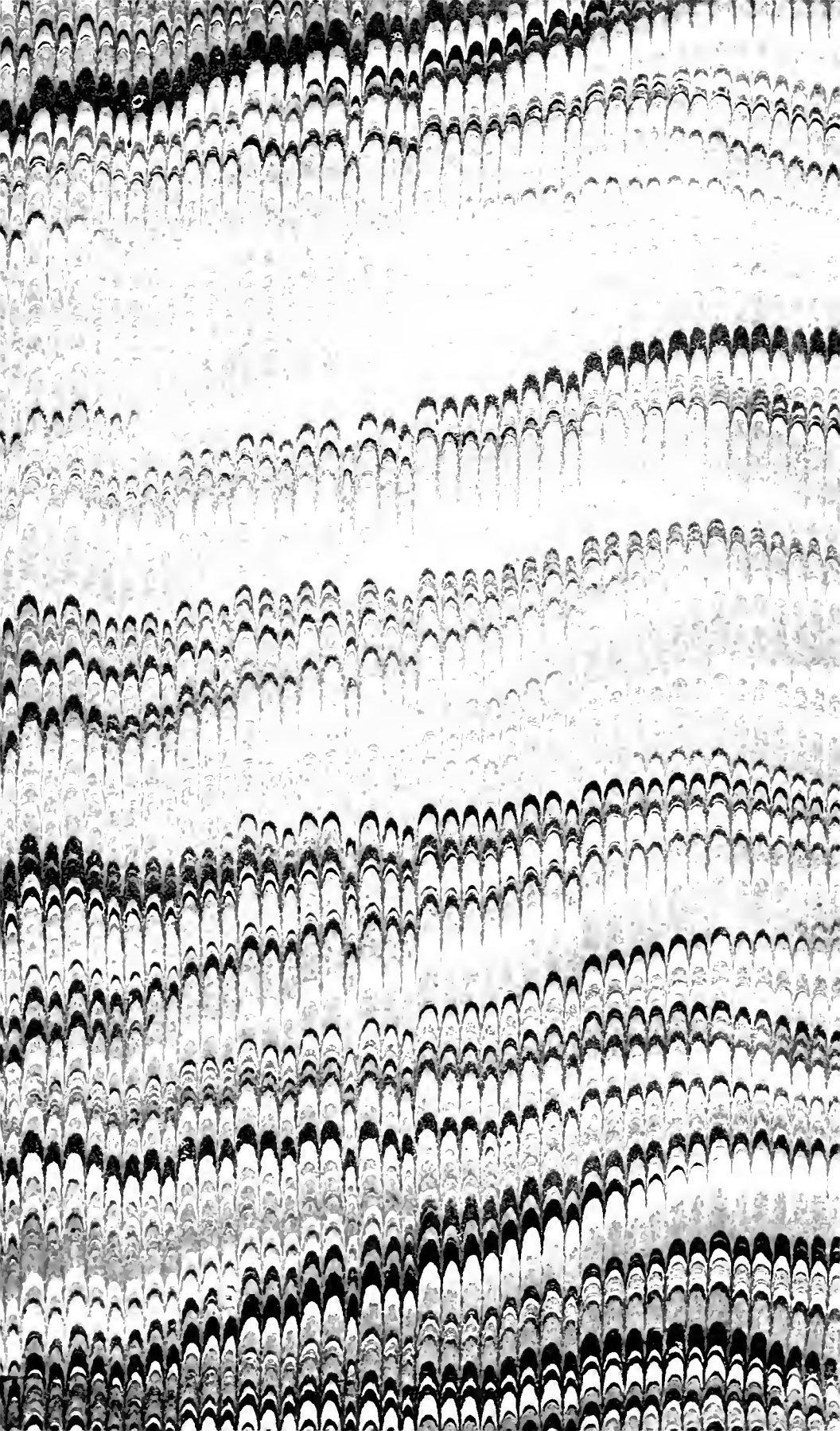
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3410
THE KIMELIAD.

A POEM

IN THREE CANTOS.

BY

JAMES MOORE, M.D.

Author of "The World's Battle;" "Life of Washington;" "Kilpatrick, and our Cavalry;" "History of the Cooper Shop;"
"Complete History of the Great Rebellion in the
United States," &c., &c.

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JAMES MOORE, M.D.,

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Dedication.

TO MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE, THE PATRIOT
AND THE HERO, THE FOLLOWING WORK IS MOST
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR, WHO
HAD THE HONOR TO SERVE UNDER HIM ON ONE
OF THE GREATEST FIELDS, WHICH THE ANNALS OF
HISTORY RECORDS.

PREFACE.

"*Poëta nascitur, non fit*,"—A Poet is born, not made—were the words of the great Roman poet, near two thousand years ago. To me it makes little difference whether the world numbers me among its bards or otherwise. I am not so great a fool as to think my talents first rate in any one thing I attempt, and any specimens of my composition the public have ever seen, have been regarded with as great a measure of favor as they deserved. Whether my poem may be well received or otherwise, I leave it with the public to judge. On reading the composition to some candid friends, they were more favorable than modesty permits me to declare. Even the great General Meade bore a strong testimony in its favor, with many of the literati, who are at once candid and impartial. The subject matter

will do no harm, and may do some good. I was among the struggling patriots who served the country in the grand contest for the Union. My record is not inferior to that of any of my rank; as I yielded to none in patriotic zeal, I thought I must have my say, and attempt rhyme as I had attempted prose.

I am at the mercy of the public. If the verdict be unfavorable I must submit; if otherwise, it will be hard to throw me in future, and I may awake some morning to find myself famous.

What has never been done in any poetical composition I ever saw, I pray,

God bless the Reader!

JAMES MOORE.

1941 South St.

August 19th, 1867.

Canto First.

The sun had set, and now dim twilight came,
Lights burned within the house with twinkling
flame,

In rural solitude all hushed and still,
Save but the murmurs of the gurgling rill.
Night drew her mantle o'er the peaceful scene,
The foliage deep, the fields of verdant green.
Hark to the footfall near the pleasant home,
The threshold's past—the father now has come,
Receives the fond embraces of his wife
With tenderness—the blessing of his life ;
Returns each child's caresses with a smile
And kiss of fondness, and in the meanwhile
The holy book upon the table lay,
From which a portion read—"now let us pray,"
In solemn words scarce from his lips did fall,
When all had knelt within the sylvan hall ;

In adoration of the mighty One,
 And now the day is ended as begun.
 To rest and sleep the younger ones retire,
 The son remains, and thus to him the sire,
 "My son, though manhood's years have not yet
 shed

Mature experience on your youthful head,
 It seems most meet that you should early know,
 The course on which time fleeting on does go,
 That future years may find you well prepared
 For deeds in which our brave forefathers shared."

To which the son, in ready answer says,
 "Speak on dear father, I attend always."

"In early life, as you well know, I mixed
 In that uncertain mess called politics;
 And was, as you may know, an old line Whig,
 But now when time with great events is big,
 Withdrawn, my age in loved retirement spend
 Though anxious watching what may be the end,
 Or to what pitch may angry factions rise
 To rend republic, greatest 'neath the skies,
 And plunge it in the vortex of secession,
 The worst of ills as deepest of transgression."

"Oh this, dear father, sure can never be
 For people won't behave so wickedly."

"The wickedness of man is very great
 And seems to grow each day with heavier weight,

While human beings in dread bondage groan,
 The masters wish but to be left alone.
 But abolition works its growing way,
 And on the dawn will follow clearer day,
 Till wiped from our escutcheon, the foul blot
 No more is seen, and is a thing of nought.
 On each side now do demagogues appear,
 Enthusiasts high their great pretensions rear,
 The press—the pulpit agitate the strife,
 And deep distractions now became quite rife.
 State Rights are urged with a too ready art,
 By those who love to fire the Southern heart,
 And cotton lords for wide dominion pine,
 In which they may, with native lustre shine.
 Then, mark me, Isaac, *the result is war*,
 Whose fatal strife shall set all things at jar,
 Our great republic as with earthquake rend,
 And wake the passions of incarnate fiend,
 Till prescient Wisdom shall allay the storm,
 And shield the nation from the dread alarm.”
 And now both sire and son retire to rest,
 But deep forebodings fill young Isaac’s breast,
 No sleep can seal his eyes for that whole night,
 But seizing pencil he begins to write,
 In verse like this the numbers rapid flow,
 With patriot flame, his bosom is aglow.

THE UNION.

A prosperous nation in the arms of peace,
 Gently reposing, quiet and at ease,
 Enjoyed the blessings of all bounteous heaven,
 Through fourscore years,—in which were freely
 given,
 The joys that Liberty delights to shed,
 Most copiously upon the people's head;
 When Commerce ventures to unfurl the sail,
 And ships, rich freighted, scud before the gale,
 And, bounding rapid o'er the pathless sea,
 Pour wealth into the lap of luxury;
 And bring from California's golden shore,
 The treasures of the mine, and precious ore,
 Which filled the land with riches to o'erflowing,
 And gave the taste for specious grandeur's show-
 ing;
 The silks which France luxurious can produce,
 The costly satins, jewels, show not use,
 Take firmest hold upon the public mind,
 To real grandeur and true interest blind.
 'Twas then Ohio's rich and fertile soil
 Rewarded well the hardy laborer's toil,
 When Agriculture till'd the cultured field,
 Whose smiling harvest a rich plenty yield,

The east and west a plenteous blessing share,
 And nature's wants supply met everywhere
 The iron horse, roused in his fiery course,
 Rushed on like Pegasus with mighty force,
 Crossed hill and valley, rivulet and stream,
 At early morn, or in the twilight's gleam;
 By day or night, unwearied, swift as wind,
 Bore freight or passenger and left behind
 The place where rocks abound or smiling grain,
 The barren desert or the fertile plain,
 Rushed on through tunnel in the rocky side
 Of some great steep, or bounded o'er the tide,
 Regardless of the hoary ocean's roar,
 And Neptune's waves that lash the sounding shore.
 The Arts, by fostering peace like some fair tree,
 Perennial flourished, beautiful to see;
 And bore those fruits grateful to human kind,
 Sublime and glorious, offspring of the mind;
 For, in a word, all manufacture brought
 As near perfection as elsewhere being sought,
 One might within the happy union find;
 Elaborated, fit for all mankind,
 Whate'er the scope Nature's infinity,
 Whether on earth or air, by land or sea;
 Whate'er the aim and purpose of their use,
 Whether a pistol or a pair of shoes;

A gilded toy with which a child may play,
 Or rifled gun to take the life away.
 For intellect inventive never known,
 In any land more pregnant than our own,
 Will fill the mind with wonder and surprise
 When models endless meet the weary eyes,
 Contained within the Patent office bound,
 Which may within the Capitol be found.
 Fair Science, too, upon the land did smile,
 And at her lamp, Philosophy the while
 Illuminated by the cheering ray,
 In paths of wisdom urged the onward way,
 While Ocean's self beneath the angry flood,
 Upon its bed received the electric rod;
 And as on earth the conscious lightning told
 Stories beneath the wave; as when of old
 The parted waters stood upon a heap,
 Walled up while Israel pass'd the stormy deep;
 Which Pharaoh's hosts in vengeance overthrew
 When God's own favored people had pass'd through.
 Not on the earth alone, nor on the sea,
 Did man his empire bound; infinity,
 Thy endless bounds interminable space,
 Must give audacious mortals airy place,
 In which unpropp'd, ethereal and sublime
 They float, they sail, and toward the skies they
 climb;

Amid the clouds with wonder disappear,
 And with Dædalean art their way they steer,
 As if divested of this mortal clod,
 Immortal spirits sought their father God;
 Borne in the fiery chariot toward the fount
 Of light and love, like him of Carmel's Mount.
 Behold! and Halls of Learning meet the gaze,
 Where youth resort, who emulous of praise
 And studious to mark th' historic page,
 Where bright achievements shine from age to age;
 With high resolve bright faculties apply,
 Stretch all their energies, strive hard and try,
 By straining every nerve, to reach the fame
 Of those, whose deeds illustrious like a flame,
 Illumine, warm, and glorious make the age
 In which they flourished, bright in History's page.
 Such as thy pass, Thermopylæ, conveys
 To future ages and unending praise,
 Where for their country's sake too proud to yield
 Three hundred Spartans died upon the field.
 Thy name, Leonidas, in ages hence,
 With thy brave men who died for the defence
 Of bleeding Greece; thy name the Cenotaph,
 Thy country raised survives, greater now by half
 When known to nations than the pillar'd clause,
 "Stranger tell Sparta here we saved her laws!"

The fame of Curtius yet his age survives,
 And still in story that great Roman lives,
 Who *cap-a-pié* 'tis said, that he might save
 His country, made the yawning gulf his grave.
 These lessons all most forcibly came home
 To youthful breasts, though learned in tongue of
 Rome;

Or language more mellifluous of Greece,
 Full of great models, formed in war and peace.
 Like Washington, his country's father great,
 And greatly good; upon whose name await
 The blessings mingled of the brave and free,
 Long as mankind can prize fair liberty.
 Throughout the land what solemn temples rise,
 Whose worshippers sincere in sacrifice,
 Around God's altar grateful incense bring
 Devotions offering to the Heavenly King;
 Who crowns with blessings all His people's days
 And gives them theme for never ending praise;
 In peace and plenty bounteously given,
 The nations welfare cared for by high heaven;
 Whose goodness kept gaunt famine far away,
 And pestilence and sword which many slay.
 The mild Pacific washed the western shore,
 The eastern heard Atlantic's billows roar,
 Great Lakes, as inland seas, the northern bound;
 The southern, Mexico's famed gulf was found.

A wider area empire never claimed,
 No mighty monarch, e'en the one so famed,
 Who o'er so many provinces held sway,
 One hundred twenty-seven; could boast and say,
 That he o'er such a mighty track did rule,
 Unless he rashly spoke, and like a fool.
 Nor Persia's monarch, Macedonia's king,
 Nor Greece and Rome, of which the Muses sing,
 Not all the pride of Gaul and Russia's force,
 Not German powers, or Britain's mighty course
 And sway, could ever give the world to see,
 The equal of this land of liberty.

This vast Republic great, few men in arms,
 That feared no hostile foe or war's alarms;
 Its mightiest strength and strongest bulwark
 found

In its own citizens; who till'd the ground,
 And rally ever to their country's call,
 And do their duty, though the skies should fall.
 Or recreant traitors, Satan-like, conspire
 To mar a nation's peace, or light the fire,
 Like Cataline, their country dear to burn,
 And o'er her ashes make the patriot mourn.
 The nation prospered thus; abroad, her name
 Gave citizens respect, who proud, could claim,
 Like them of old "Romanus civis sum,"
 "I am a Roman," cavil then was dumb.

The Stars and Stripes our country's banner fair
 By land and sea, abroad and everywhere
 Throughout the vast Republic's wide domain
 Respected was; affections meed could gain,
 The laws were executed, justice ruled,
 And Senators in equity were schooled.
 No seeming drawback as a counterpoise,
 Outweighed the gladness of a nation's joys;
 But outward, inward, here and there, were seen
 The proofs, that like some pretty evergreen,
 That contemplation cheers in wintry hour,
 Our nation still would flourish; great in power
 And, 'mid the wreck of empires, lasting, stand
 The wonder of the world in western land;
 Unshaken and unmoved in treason's shock,
 Refuge of nations,—like Gibraltar's rock,
 Round which the thunders all would roll in vain,
 Secure, defiant of the stormy main,
 Till population filled each western wild,
 And empires proudly owned Time's favorite child.

Years fled, the strife of war arose,
 And patriots grappled with their foes,
 Inflicting many sturdy blows,
 Well dealt, impartial;
 Among the first recruits on hand,
 To battle for their native land,

Were those of Isaac Marshall.
 With them his pleasant home he left,
 His parents of his aid bereft,
 Shed many a sad tear;
 But harder still it was to part,
 From her who long had won his heart—
 His Mary ever dear.
 Deeply they loved for many a day,
 Each felt what neither well could say,
 But many a silent token;
 A blush, a sigh, or e'en a tear
 Told each was to the other dear,
 With eloquence unspoken.
 I need not dwell on the tender scene
 That happened beneath the foliage green,
 Too soon for them 'twas over;
 Suffice to say after many a blush
 That suffused her face with a mantling rush.
 He parted. her plighted lover.
 He fought where gallant Greble fell
 Immortal youth, long fame shall tell,
 And trumpet-tongued the echoes swell,
 How thou didst work thy gun;
 Where at Great Bethel's desperate strife,
 Heroic thou didst give thy life,
 Leaving thy parents and loved wife,
 Of patriot sire the gallant son.

In Shenandoah's pleasant vale,
 The scene of many a thrilling tale,
 Where foes encountering met;
 With gallant Patterson he fought,
 Whose services in merit bought,
 A high renown in danger sought,
 At Mexico's proud gate.
 And now to check the civil strife,
 This chief imperilled oft his life,
 On bloody battle plain;
 An ill-appointed host he led,
 Though brave, and of short service made,
 They many an erring foeman staid
 At Falling Waters slain.
 Isaac with admiration saw,
 His chief move by strategic law,
 And strictly execute,
 Each high command that held him still
 Obedient to another's will,
 That he his orders did fulfil,
 Is now beyond dispute.
 In many a battle her image arose,
 When foes had grappled in deadly close,
 And the rifles the fields were strewing;
 On the march, or in the camp,
 Or in bivouac damp,
 When the rain his limbs was bedewing.

And on every field of the seven day's fight,
With McClellan he battled for the right,

Performing well his duty ;
Oh ! his courage was high,
And he fought manfully,

As he thought of her peerless beauty.
Thus she was to him a guiding star,
Shining brightly 'mid the ranks of war,

Whose influence nerved him still ;
And the path of glory he firmly trod,
When the crimson hue had tainted the sod

On the plains of Chancellorsville.

A mighty army—the rebel chief,
Was marching to his country's grief,

To the north on invasion bound ;
But where it would light,
Where occur the stern fight ?

Could not easily be found.
But Marshall in his country's cause,
Her Constitution and her laws,

Had boldly drawn the sword ;
And was marching on,
From daylight till dawn,

To repel the rebel horde.
His leader, Buford, marched with speed,
And the army under General Meade,

Prepared to dispute the way ;
And Gettysburg was destined to see,
A dreadful sight of war's revelry,
And terrible battle fray.
In a charge Marshall fell,
And no one could tell,
As the enemy surrounded,
Whether slain outright,
He had fought his last fight,
Or mortally was wounded.
Now we leave him here,
'Twill become quite clear,
At the end of Canto Second,
When the field we behold,
And the manner is told,
How he from his trance awakened.

Canto Second.

I little thought when first I lay,
Beneath my blanket, by the way
Through Gettysburg that leads;
And spread it out, a few sticks o'er,
That Sol's bright rays might pierce no more:
Where bivouacked we lay full sore,
And jaded were our steeds.

I little dreamed the bugle's sound
Would echo through that peaceful ground,
And answering echo still resound,
“Mount, march, the foe is near!”
Or that contending armies there,
Would meet in deadly shock of war,
And launch the death-bolts near and far
Throughout a scene so fair.

Bold Buford led his brave brigade
 O'er many a hill, through many a glade,
 And oft in war's array;
 They ready for encounter stand,
 To meet the invaders of our land,
 And drive them foiled away.

We leave King George's county fair,
 Where advanced pickets watched with care
 The foeman's motions still;
 And, at the ford called Beverly,
 We "charge with all our chivalry,"
 With cannon, shot and cavalry,
 We charge at Upperville.

We cross the Shenandoah's stream,
 And once again the sunbeams gleam
 Upon our noble band;
 Whose polished arms throw glancing back
 The rays of June, that on their track
 Incessant fall, and harder make
 The direful toil to stand.

Oh! long and weary was the track,
 And empty was the haversack,
 And many a steed gave o'er;

But still our onward march we urge,
 Until we reach thy southern verge—
 Potomac's pleasant shore.

Here panting steeds may rest awhile;
 Meantime, look upward towards yon isle,
 Recall Ball's Bluff to mind;
 While indignation deep you feel,
 Grasp, patriot, grasp the avenging steel,
 Beneath each blow let foeman reel,
 And retribution find!

Methinks the gallant Baker's ghost,
 Beholding the collecting host
 That cross Potomac o'er,
 Might well exult such sight to see,
 As Buford's valiant cavalry
 Gaining the northern shore!

On pontoon-bridge secure and strong,
 With planks on boats laid firm along,
 We cross the placid stream;
 Each horseman leads his steed in hand,
 All gain, in turn, the northern strand,
 Where formed awhile they resting stand,
 A splendid sight I deem.

Beauteous the scene that met the gaze,
 Worthy the poet's noblest lays,
 So rich, serene and fair;
 The landscape smiling, varied lay,
 'Mid fields of grain, and on their way,
 The ripened cherries tempt away
 The horsemen, from their strict array,
 To pluck and gather there.

We cross the Pennsylvania line,
 And then, full sure you might divine,
 Such ardor filled each breast;
 As glowed in valiant knights of old,
 When at the field called "cloth of gold,"
 Waved many a noble crest.

And now, fair Gettysburg! thy town,
 Destined to reach a high renown,
 Upon the sight soon breaks;
 The Stars and Stripes are free displayed,
 And many a beauteous, glowing maid,
 In simple guise, with taste arrayed,
 The Union's praises speaks;

Or chants the patriot's thrilling song,
 As moves the gallant host along,
 And fairest flowers strews;

With bashful look and downcast eye,
 Steals glances at the cavalry,
 In all their warlike panoply,
 Then oft the glance renews.

The column soon the College passed,
 And closed the weary march at last,
 Each lighting from his steed;
 And soon upon the evening air
 Ascends the smoke, while we prepare
 Our scanty meal of need.

The busy hum of men was still,
 The moonbeams fell on plain and hill,
 The town its noise did hush;
 And valiant heroes sunk in sleep,
 While pickets wakeful watch did keep,
 Lest foes on camp should rush.

Morn rose upon the peaceful scene,
 The College and the camp between,
 Were fields of grain and verdant green,
 And far the wandering eye,
 Delights the landscape to survey,
 As stretching right and left it lay,
 Till mingling with the sky.

Hark to the thrilling bugle note !
 Waking the echoes it doth float
 In air, 'mid peaceful shades ;
 And at the well-known call, "to horse!"
 Rush as one man entire the force,
 And grasp their glittering blades.

Then at their leader's sage command,
 The embattled line they form and stand,
 The wily foe to meet ;
 Advance, retire, press on, or yield,
 Now slow, now swift, they scour the field,
 As if in pastime sweet.

I've followed where Kilpatrick led,
 On fields where dying and the dead
 Did all the ground bestrew ;
 And by the gallant Jordan's side,
 Midst fiercest battle oft did ride,
 When rolled and surged the dreadful tide,
 With crimson bloody hue.

While Cumberland's rude crest we scale,
 Our march enlivened by the tale
 That ended in Sequatchie vale,
 Or Chattanooga's town ;

When we had crossed the Tennessee,
 To march with Sherman to the sea,
 To put rebellion down.

Through Georgia's plains we marched and fought.
 And then the Carolinas sought,
 Their rivers, swamps, and fights;
 And sure he led a gallant band,
 As e'er in battle drew the brand
 For liberties and rights.

As witness Waynesboro's bloody field,
 Where valor forced the foe to yield,
 Though strong the barricade;
 Or Johnston, Griswold, Averysboro,
 In which the foe were brought to sorrow,
 By valiant wielded blade.

Yet while these scenes I may recall,
 And battles which more late did fall,
 I must admit to one and all,
 That all I e'er beheld,
 Have not in valor proved more true,
 Nor glory gained more justly due,
 Than those who sabres that day drew
 On Gettysburg's great field.

And he who bore supreme command,
 The mighty Meade, who saved the land,
 Illustrious, of high fame;
 I've heard the gallant Buford say,
 More valiant chief ne'er set array,
 Or in command held nobler sway,
 Or greater praise could claim.

But ah! full many a soldier there,
 Whose patriot breast beat high to share
 The glories of the brave;
 Before the setting sun shall shed
 Its parting beams upon his head,
 Shall reach life's goal—the grave.

July the first, mark well the day,
 Our forces stood in fair array,
 The war-steed proud did prance;
 The rider waited but command,
 To urge the foe with deadly brand,
 And check his bold advance.

As day upon the field arose,
 A thrilling scene it did disclose,
 Men's ardor to excite;

'Twas then bold Reynolds dealt a blow,
 At the presumptuous, cruel foe,
 Who were forced back in fight.

Six hundred captives there were ta'en,
 And at high noon the strife again
 Rolled on, like Ocean's wave;
 Four awful hours the battle raged,
 Till dreadful combatants assuaged
 Their fierceness in the grave.

Some hours sufficed the troops to rest,
 When Sol had sunk behind the West
 The contest was renewed,
 And for an hour did fiercely swell
 Dark passion's tide; but none could tell,
 Advantage this or that befel,
 In blood and sweat bedewed.

That day the gallant Reynolds fell,
 "Life's fitful fever e'er sleeps well,"
 And may he calmly rest!
 The first corps now bold Doubleday
 Commands; and with alacrity
 Brave Howard all the troops obey
 And follow his behest.

The enemy had now grown strong,
 And move the Cashtown road along,
 While Ewell's forces urge
 With heavy impulse on our line,
 Hancock and Howard efforts join,
 On Cemetery Ridge combine,
 Round which war's waves now surge.

'Twere tedious here to only tell,
 What gathering corps the numbers swell,
 And bristling bayonets rise,
 Where Slocum and where Sickles lead,
 And hurry up the troops with speed,
 On that fair field where General Meade
 Contends for glory's prize.

Oh ! who that mighty force beheld,
 And thought not of the days of eld ?
 Who could behold the squadrons near,
 And yet repress the rising tear ?
 Or, see unmoved in ranks of war,
 The hardy soldier from afar ?
 Or, view indifferent many a son,
 From Iowa and Oregon,
 From Michigan, or from New York,
 Prepared alike for bloody work,

With Pennsylvania's sons, who stood
 Ready, prepared to shed the blood
 Of brothers from Louisiana,
 From Georgia, Florida, Savannah—
 From every State in which ere while
 Peace reigned, prosperity did smile;
 When, mighty in the mutual love,
 Fraternal, like to that above,
 The nation grew both fair and great,
 Secure against all foreign hate.
 Alas! they now with various arm
 Prepare, but to destroy or harm;
 To capture, lacerate, or kill:
 To wade in blood, or listen till
 The roll of drum, or bugle note,
 Or cannon's roar, or in the throat
 Death rattle heard, or cannon's rattle;
 And sounds discordant of the battle,
 Teach that now comes the day of strife,
 When foe meets foe, 'tis life for life.
 But orphans cry, and widows wail,
 And ruined home shall tell the tale—
 The crutch, the artificial limb,
 The palsied arm, the eye so dim,
 Shall tell for long the dismal story,
 The cost of this great field of glory;

And every loyal State shall turn
 With gushing tears to hero's urn,
 And gentle zephyrs sleeping nigh,
 Shall onward waft the pensive sigh.
 The brave a hallowed grave shall fill,
 And sleep in honor by yon hill.
 Yea, children's children point with pride
 The spot where their ancestors died;
 Who gave their life in bloody plain,
 And rested e'en where they were slain;
 Whose bright example still shall be
 A beacon for posterity.

The train to Westminster was sent,
 And all the varied efforts bent
 On Gettysburg to mass;
 From Taneytown Meade goes by night,
 And to the field, long ere daylight,
 With retinue does pass.

At morn his practised eye surveys
 The whole position, and conveys
 The orders to array;
 And station each arriving host,
 That no advantage can be lost,
 Or time for battle fray

And thus in battle-line they stand,
 Presenting outline bold and grand,
 Which fired their leader's breast;
 As far his eye glanced here and there,
 And marked how ready they prepare
 For strife, disdaining rest.

On Seminary Ridge, the first day's fight,
 At hour of ten, by Buford was begun;
 Six thousand men contended for the right,
 And batteries frowned with many a warlike gun.

Pender and Heath with two score thousand men,
 And Anderson's division of Hill's corps,
 Assault the Union force, and quickly then
 On both sides rose the dread artillery roar.

Reynolds the first corps moved up rapidly,
 Formed on the slope of Seminary Ridge,
 And went to aid bold Buford, manfully
 Struggling with fearful odds and battle's rage.

'Twas here great Reynold's for his country died;
 His valiant troops obey bold Doubleday;
 Howard arrives, and on the loftier side
 Of Cemetery Hill, as presciently,

The troops of Steinwehr, Schurz and Barlow too
 Posts strongly where her fortress nature rears,
 Commanding all, a troop in passing through
 The troubled town, as captive, soon appears.

Thus formed two corps, when quickly Hancock
 came,

Meade's sage commands by posting to obey,
 And placing all of highly martial fame,
 With their obedient hosts in war's array.

Just opposite the anxious town,
 From Cemetery Ridge look down,
 The Corps Eleventh and First;
 And toward the south and eastwardly,
 The Twelfth just ready for the fray,
 Its right on streamlet resting lay,
 Slight obstacle at worst.

A rising hill, by name "Round Top,"
 Ran west the Cemetery's slope,
 The Third and Second here;
 While distant on a fronting ridge,
 Concentring foes the time engage,
 To mass their columns near.

And here the second day was fought,
 With desperate valor, as if nought
 But victory or death was sought,
 A battle fierce and grand ;
 In vain to take "Round Top" they try,
 Though on the field full many lie,
 The invaders of our land.

The rebel columns staggering, reeled—
 Compressed, fell back, and left the field,
 Their wounded and their slain ;
 But though from time to time beat back,
 Repulsed, they try a fresh attack,
 And are repelled again.

When Buford's men had left the field,
 From battle fray awhile to yield,
 And take some needful rest,
 'Twas then the battle fiercer grew,
 And slaughtered heaps the field did strew,
 While rebels the attack renew
 To capture "Round Top's" crest.

The Massachusetts Ninth displayed
 A fiery valor, undismayed,
 And manned their well-served guns ;

Though charging foes up to their muzzles,
 Unlimbered cannons bring as puzzles,
 Fiercer than Goths or Huns.

With courage grand, the haughty foe
 Attacks the gunners of Bigelow,
 Till most of them were slain;
 The wounded hero stood his ground,
 His cannon lost, were quickly found,
 And heaps of rebels strew the ground,
 By Humphrey's aid, not vain.

And Crawford, with the brave Reserves,
 True Pennsylvanians, deserves
 To wear th' ennobling wreath;
 Dire was the charge, brave Taylor fell,
 The rebel general as well,
 Fierce Barksdale met his death.

Thus Lee the second day was foiled.
 The hope repressed with which he toiled—
 Five thousand score and four;
 The flower of the South he led,
 While patriot warriors, reckoning made,
 Of thousands ninety-four.

The third day was to see the fight
 With Ewell, on the patriot right,
 A fierce, firm onset making;
 Longstreet would charge upon the left.
 And toward the centre, which bereft
 Of strength, would yield by breaking.

Another day beholds the strife,
 And man to man, and life to life,
 Again they boldly stake;
 The cannons roar, 'mid deadly fire,
 And charges fierce, not few expire
 And sleep no more to wake.

And Longstreet now with desperate rush,
 With columns massed, attempts to push
 And force the central line;
 In vain, for like deep-rooted rock,
 That long defies the tempest shock,
 And all the elements can mock,
 Or aught but power divine.

Stood thus that onset loyal men,
 The ranks were thinned but filled again,
 They form, contract, and close;

Undaunted, grapple with the foe,
Meet thrust with thrust, and blow with blow,
And when a comrade was laid low,
One in his place arose.

When fighting for their native soil,
What weary march, or labor's toil,
Or danger can deter,
Each valiant Pennsylvania son,
Th' exultant foe to rush upon,
And struggle till the work is done
In death or victory there?
Old Homer sung the Trojan fight,
When fabled gods with men unite
To turn the well poised scale;
And once to gain a high renown,
Minerva kindly gliding down
Made Diomedé prevail.
Thus God, who breaks the force of hell,
The patriot cause regarded well
In that most trying hour;
He fills each breast with courage high,
Presentiment of victory,
And stern resisting power.
What can resist the Heavenly King,
Void make the refuge of His wing,

Or frustrate His design.
 The baffled foe were forced to yield,
 And leave the victors on the field,
 And conquest's hopes resign.

There lay, amid a heap of slain,
 A wounded man who writhed with pain,
 Who consciousness did now regain,

As waking from a trance;
 Beside him stood a lady fair,
 Who held his head with tender care,
 And how, oh, how did she come there,

Or did it hap perchance!
 He opes his eyes in deep amaze
 And who should meet his wondring gaze?

And can, oh, can it be?
 " 'Tis she, it is her angel form,
 That risked for me the battle's storm.

My Mary 'tis I see."
 Three changing moons did wax and wane.
 And Marshall was himself again,
 Become quite whole and sound;
 'Twas then a bridal party fair,
 Did blithely to the church repair,
 While merry bells resound.

As peaceful are the slumbers of the dead,
 Who once were foes and now at war no more,

Within the narrow house are silent laid,
Nor feel the bitter strife they felt before;
So in the grave let strife forever rest,
Unresurrected on this peaceful shore,
May kindly feeling fill each patriot breast,
And the contention be, who will love country
more.

So happiness shall our republic crown,
Through future years, with glory and renown,
And all go straight that ere while may have
swerved,

“The Union must, and IT shall be preserved.”

Canto Third.

Our hero now had some repose,
But badly needed some new clothes,
And while his heart was merry ;
Finding himself both sound and whole,
Through Chestnut Street he took a stroll,
And called on Edward Perry.

In military outfit fine,
He sauntered till at Broad and Pine
Halting, he rang the bell;
Professor Hutton soon appeared
Whose presence Isaac greatly cheered,
Who asked,—“is Edmund well?”

But Edmund's self came quickly in.
His fingers nimbly then begin
His story to unfold ;

For he, alas ! was deaf and dumb,
 To the Asylum he had come,
 When he was nine years old.

And Isaac's brother now did tell,
 That he was learning fast and well,
 And the Professor kind ;
 Who spared no pains or labor's toil,
 By culture to improve the soil,
 And form his youthful mind.

Then Marshall seized good Hutton's hand,
 Emotions rise he can't withstand,
 Forth gushing tears will break ;
 Without a word he steals away,
 Feels deeply what he cannot say,
 The thanks he may not speak.

"Great man !" he muttered to himself,
 "'Tis not for glory or for pelf,
 But for poor human kind ;
 For forty years you've labored hard,
 You'll meet in heaven a due reward,
 You seek and you shall find."

Hence to the Cooper Shop he goes,
 And here a cheering scene arose,
 At tables set in goodly rows,

Feasts many a hungry trooper;
 And bless the patriot committee.
 Who pitied their sad misery.
 With kind great-hearted Cooper.

The hospital he then inspects,
 Miss Ross his footsteps well directs,
 Throughout each well kept ward;
 While Nebinger, the sick extol,
 The skilled physician whose great soul
 Was bent to make the wounded whole.
 And served without reward.

“Blest institution!” he exclaimed,
 “By bards and by historians famed,
 When your affairs looked gloomy;
 No coadjutor harder strove
 The patriot citizens to move,
 To aid the cause of zeal and love
 Than patriot James Toomey.”

A friend in battle lost a limb,
 And now the task devolved on him,
 To try supply the lack;
 With ready zeal his friendship proves,
 By ordering for the friend he loves,
 The substitute of Matlack.

And now his homeward way he wends,
 The home of love where joy attends,
 The well consorted pair;
 But harder 'tis to breaking heart,
 Than solitude or hostile dart,
 If love exist not there.

His home, indeed, was one of bliss,
 And scarce in such a world as this
 Was such refinement found;
 Combined with piety and love,
 More like the happiness above,
 In which no jarring string can move,
 To wake discordant sound.

A father and a mother there,
 Their offspring taught with frequent prayer
 On Heaven to depend;
 To walk within the narrow way,
 To guard the heart well every day.
 And living right religiously
 To watch unto the end.

Their daughter new was very fair.
 I've called her beauty very rare,
 But loth would be to make appear
 In form or face alone;

For every virtue in her blended,
 And every sister grace attended,
 By deep humility commended.
 By trust in Christ her own.

The Father now had run his race,
 About to reach the better place,
 His spirit prunes its wings;
 Ere it in triumph shall arise
 To seek its refuge in the skies
 Beyond terrestrial things.

Mourn not, the ripened fruit will fall;
 Mourn not, like shadow on the wall
 Is mortal life, and death to all
 Sooner or later comes;
 I've seen him in the chamber lone,
 I've heard him in the dreadful groan.
 And known him mark the prey his own.
 In hospitals and homes.

But, ah! his feared and dreaded dart,
 Can't terrify the Christian heart
 Of him who trusts in God;
 For aged Marshall spent his days
 In faith, and prayer and holy praise,
 While treading life's short road.

His wife and children crowd around
His dying bed, when voice he found

In accents weak spoke he :
“God’s holy will has been my aim,
And now I go to praise his name
Throughout eternity!”

No more! he breathed his last in peace.
And in the tomb, where troubles cease,

His resting head they lay;
And marble column Greble rears,
With broken shaft, which well appears
Fit emblem for the man of years,
The creature of a day.

The hardy patriots of the North
Still to the field are rushing forth,
And Isaac now once more
Departs from his sad home and wife,
To meet the shock of battle’s strife,
And sacrifice perhaps his life,
’Mid the dread cannon’s roar.

He marched with Sherman to the sea,
In brave Kilpatrick’s cavalry,
Which both the wings protect,

Of that vast host with valor bold,
 Reminding one of knights of old,
 Whose deeds I have in history told
 To which I you direct.

He at Savannah wond'ring saw
 How Geary executed law;
 A military sage,
 Whose prudence suited Southern mind,
 For to mild clemency inclined,
 He did all hearts engage.

And through the perilous campaign,
 O'er rivers deep, and mud and rain,
 His onward course he bore;
 Till rebels laid their arms in dust,
 Compelled in patriots to trust;
 Vanish once more the warlike host,
 And peace prevails once more.

Returning he his sword suspends,
 To his loved home, and wife and friends,
 Honored and free from harm;
 Save that in peril of his life,
 While stemming war's tempestuous strife
 He chanced to lose an arm.

One month had scarcely passed away,
 When Marshall to his wife one day
 Said, "Dearest, let us go away
 And foreign lands explore;
 We'll cross the mighty, rolling sea,
 Visit fair Greece and Italy,
 Enlarge our minds by what we see,
 On many a distant shore."

His wife in tender accents spoke :
 "A train of thoughts you have awoke,
 Congenial to my mind ;
 First let us seek fair Erin's shore,
 And when her beauties we explore,
 From thence, if wishing to see more,
 We'll ready passage find."

And thus, upon old Ocean's foam
 They wander from their native home,
 Across the wide, wide sea;
 The heaving billows dash around
 The mighty steamship that does bound
 And dance right merrily.

'Twas moonlight on the silvery wave,
 The zephyrs scarce a ripple gave,
 Upon the vast expanse;
 Which glittered in the fairy light

And, filled with wonder and delight,
 So mild appeared the face of night,
 With gentle, radiant glance.

Their souls were filled with joy and love :
 Emotion's throb their bosoms move,
 And, as on angel's wing,
 Their tribute of most grateful praise,
 To heaven ascends in joyful lays,
 To the Eternal King.

Short space, and Dublin's city fair,
 Is seen a cheerful look to wear.
 In its romantic bay
 The anchor holds the vessel fast;
 They land on Erin's shores at last,
 Her capital so gay.

And every scene fills with surprise,
 That meets their eager, wondering eyes.
 In this delightful land;
 The Ocean's gem—the lovely isle,
 That through her tears still wears a smile,
 Serene, sublime, and grand.

Weeks pass, and yet they linger still
 Amid each valley and each hill,
 Unsated yet, nor can they fill

Their longing measure up;
 The ruins made by hoary time,
 The ancient bards—their melting rhyme
 Dissolving hearts in every clime—
 Require an ample scope.

The rich traditional lore,
 Abounding on this favored shore,
 The tombs of heroes now no more,
 The ancient castles lone;
 The very whisper of each breeze
 That rustles through the aged trees,
 Tell pensively, to souls like these.
 In sad and hollow moan,

And language to the heart revealing,
 With deep upheaving of each feeling,
 That in the days of yore
 Existed once a kingly race,
 Whose ample sway one yet may trace,
 Throughout each all time-hallowed place,
 Though its career is o'er.

Dunluce's cavern they explore,
 Where Ocean's tide, with sounding roar,
 As pebbles, boulders roll;
 And rocks so vast, of globe-like form,
 That, when recedes the raging storm,
 Amaze will seize the soul.

Then, if a rounded stone you throw
 Against the cavern's side, the blow
 Will like artillery sound ;
 And rolling echoes still repeat
 The lessening murmurs, till grown sweet,
 The cadences in music meet,
 Like voices from the ground.

And here upon a lofty tower,
 One watching in the midnight hour,
 Might well expect to hear
 The shrilling cry of the *Banshee*,
 That oft, they say in revelry,
 Broke in with form of dread to see.
 Inspiring all with fear.

And that famed Causeway, they behold,
 Whose basalt pillars now grown old,
 Were by a giant formed,
 And far constructed in the sea,
 By which, himself and family
 Might cross, with ease, unharmed.

The mighty cavern they survey,
 In which, the foaming sea, its spray
 Lashes to fearful height ;
 Six oarsmen to its mouth did ply
 Their stout built boat ; and as they try

The tide to stem, you might descr,
 Fear mingled with their might.

They view the streams that silent glide,
 Till mingling with the Ocean's tide;
 And each romantic lake,
 Lough Neagh, Killarney and Lough Erne,
 Are scenes in Nature's school to learn,
 Where Contemplation can discern,
 What wise and good may make.

At Baronscourt's majestic pile,
 Admiring, they remain awhile
 Its beauties to survey
 Whose owner, at the royal court,
 Now absent was, where still resort,
 Nobles and ladies gay.

The scene, in which my youth was spent,
 Fresh raptures now the travellers lent,
 So rich in plain and hill;
 And bubbling brook and meadows fair,
 With all that makes *Drumclaph* so rare,
 Which yet in Memory's dreams appear,
 And thrill my being still.

Oh! who his birth-place can forget
 In all vicissitudes of fate.

“In trouble and in joy?”
 The early scene of childhood days
 Unpracticed yet in worldly ways,
 Will crowding rush while memory stays,
 And man again be boy.

We backward look; where are they fled
 Whom once we knew? Absent or dead,
 We look on them no more;
 Nor can we well their place supply,
 Nor are our tears forever dry,
 Nor will they cease, but copiously
 Distil, till running o’er.

But love and tenderness combine,
 Like tendrils, round the heart to twine.
 While thinking of—a mother,
 Whose fond anxiety and care,
 The place supplied, which none could share,
 Of father, sister, brother.

But we must haste, my hero still
 Has many a circle yet to fill,
 And many a mile to travel;
 The critic, too, is on the watch
 Lest I a little nap might snatch
 And sink beneath the level.

What level? that of medium men,
 Who venture to take up the pen,
 And ne'er should write in verse;
 I've read some products of the kind,
 And daily read;—unless I'm blind,
 Mine own cannot be worse.

True hospitality they find,
 A people, gentle, loving, kind,
 To whom their hearts were knit;
 And Erin's lovely daughters shone,
 With a peculiar grace their own,
 Her sons were men of wit.

They left, with many a fond regret,
 Nor time will cause them to forget.
 Their sojourn in that land,
 The birth-place of Tom Moore and Burke,
 Of Sheridan and men of mark
 And intellect as grand.

Now London great bursts on their gaze,
 And now it strikes with deep amaze,
 As through its streets they roll;
 Its Tower, its Abbey and its Church.
 Its Monument, Museum and Arch.
 Its parks and pleasures all.

They visit soon the Palace fair,
 The Queen, her Court, was holding there,

And bade them welcome be;
 Received them with distinction great,
 With pomp, magnificence, and state,
 While lords and ladies are elate
 Americans to see.

Midst dukes and earls and nobles all,
 That throng and crowd the stately hall,
 None bears a nobler port
 Than Marshall, who, the ladies say,
 Shone handsomest of all, that day,
 That thronged the royal court.

At his lost arm, in pinned up sleeve,
 They sympathetically grieve.
 Some name him warrior bold;
 Others, historically sage,
 Tell how he stemmed the battle rage,
 Like Cœur de Lion of old.

But this apart, for on the Queen
 All eyes were cast; and near her seen,
 Our heroine shone fair;
 All hearts were charmed to see the grace
 Depicted in her lovely face.
 The loveliest e'er seen in that place,
 The nobles do declare.

Short time in London was their stay,
 And soon they are upon their way,
 To see the Court of France;
 All Paris smiles upon the pair,
 Frank courtesy attends them there,
 And cheerful they advance.

Their rattling wheels, on pavement loud,
 Soon reach the palace of St. Cloud,
 Whose splendor they admire;
 Napoleon and Eugenie there,
 Did such reception soon prepare,
 As most of us would like to share,
 And all of us desire.

It was so cordial, frank, and kind,
 As well might suit ingenuous mind,
 Of free Republican;
 And less, the trappings of high state,
 Upon the royal pair await,
 Than that heart homage, which no fate
 Can take from any one.

For, with the nobles that crowd round,
 The learned and wise were also found,
 To honor each degree;
 Napoleon knew the source of power,
 And from his first accession's hour.

On all he did his bounties shower,
And wished them to be free.

No common task had he to guide,
The helm of empire o'er the tide,
So often lashed to storm;
And, with superior mind, he bent
Great energies and keen intent,
To shield fair France from harm.

To improve his people, and pursue
Civilization, was his view,
In peace and war the same;
While empires owned his power and might,
He in his people took delight,
Well worthy his great name.

The reins of power he tightly held
As any in the days of eld,
And patron of each art;
His empire flourished great and free,
And commerce, o'er each land and sea,
Waxed great in every part.

As now with Marshall he conversed,
Rebellion's story was rehearsed,
And each illustrious name,
As Grant, or Sherman, or great Meade,

Who served his country in her need,
Does full discussion claim.

Of all the contests of the war,
Whose fearful din resounded far,
Fierce Gettysburg alone,
The "turning point" was found to be,
Where Meade and his proud chivalry
Could call the field his own.

Nor can there be the slightest doubt,
That any chieftain's name left out,
Appeared to be ignored;
For all obtained the honor due,
Who, to their country staunch and true,
All dangers had explored.

The Seven Days' fight again was fought,
In which, the potentate had thought,
McClellan gained renown;
As at South Mountain's lofty crest,
Antietam's bloody field, where rest
The patriot warriors, undistrest
By grim war's fearful frown.

Then Marshall kindled at the praise,
That crowned his former chief with bays,
For, by the trump of fame,

His country heard no louder voice
 Than rang the leader of their choice,
 The great McClellan's name.

The father, who by ruffian slain,
 By nation mourned. alas! in vain,
 Now, in their converse. lives again;
 And now the bondsman free.
 Exults in glory of his rights,
 Confirmed, after bloody fights.
 In glorious liberty.

The commerce, arts, and industry,
 The fleet and army of the free,
 Statistics, products. what they be,
 A full attention share;
 His majesty seemed quite at home,
 Howe'er their converse wide might roam
 His information rare.

Now scenes of gaiety appeared
 Which oft the joyous spirits cheered
 Of this most loving pair,
 Who. in the great resort of fashion,
 Which with the French is quite a passion,
 Found still attractions rare.

'Tis not my purpose here to say
 Into what scenes they every day

For recreation went;
 Nor yet what knowledge they amassed
 In studying th' instructive past,
 Which ever will in history last,
 Till Time's last day is spent.

The cliffs of Albion soon again
 Before their view are gladly seen,
 And quick they hurry on;
 Reach London just as darkness grew,
 Though dense the fog, the way they knew
 That leads to Islington.

A cordial welcome here they prove
 With courtesy and kindness, love,
 Blended with every art,
 Which could their wants anticipate,
 By such attention as await,
 To captivate the heart.

Here wealth a rich repast had spread,
 Already was the table laid,
 In such luxurious style
 As show the English know to feast
 And entertain each favored guest,
 Throughout their happy isle.

Rich plate was glistening on the board,
 On massive silver, viands stored,

So rare and rich in cost,
 As told the hospitality,
 The opulence and dignity,
 Of their distinguished host.

All was laid out in careless state,
 Attendants on the table wait,
 And every want supply ;
 And noiselessly in silence all,
 No need for this or that to call,
 When wanted, each was by.

The company was quite select,
 But that, of course, one might expect,
 The conversation free ;
 And all were cheerful : while good breeding,
 In all agreeables exceeding,
 Delightful was to see.

The wine but sparingly was used,
 For fear, perhaps, 'twould be abused,
 Or as the custom proved,
 But when the ladies had retired,
 Each drank as much as he desired,
 The cloth being first removed.

While some in these libations shared,
 Some to the drawing-room repaired,

When thrilling music rose;
 Nor Marshall could a tear restrain,
 To hear the stirring notes again,
 He oft had heard on battle plain,
 Encountering with our foes.

'Midst all the sights in London seen,
 His thoughts were of his home I ween.

While on Thames' silvery wave,
 He mused on Schuylkill's lovely vale,
 Or Delaware's proud waves, that swell
 And Philadelphia lave.

Nor Richmond Hill, nor Twitnam fair,
 Nor Royal Hampton's pile, compare
 (Though nature's guise is lovely there,)

With his dear native land;
 His wife no less desires again
 To mingle in each well known scene.
 So lovely and so grand.

And, safe returned, they love still more
 Each scene within their native shore,
 And happy dwell, and tempt no more

The boisterous, rolling sea:
 And thankful, every day they praise
 The Providence who cast their days
 'Midst scenes of mercy and of grace,
 With children of the free.

Lines on the Presentation of a Sword and Belt

TO THE AUTHOR,

BY HIS REGIMENTAL FRIENDS.

Your gifts of a belt and a sword,
So handsome, I grateful receive,
Your expressions so kind, every word,
Affects me, you well may believe.

No vanishing sentiment, traced
Like characters written in sand,
Is inscribed, that can soon be effaced
From my heart, which begins to expand.

Which is filled with a warmth and a glow,
Of friendship divine from above,
Which causes the tears to o'erflow,
Welling up from the fountain of love.

When the belt is all torn to a shred,
The sword and inscription shall last:
When all our compatriots are dead,
This deeply-prized sword shall lay past.

And wondering people shall say
As it lies in my archives secure,

“Look here what was given one day
As a present to grand-papa Moore!

“Of a Cavalry regiment was he,
The Seventeenth 'twas called of Pa.,
Full of valor and high chivalry,
Soul of honor, which at the time lay

“In the camp that McClellan's name bore;
Brave officers, good men and true,
Not inferior to heroes of yore,
Gave this gift, highly prized, as is due.”

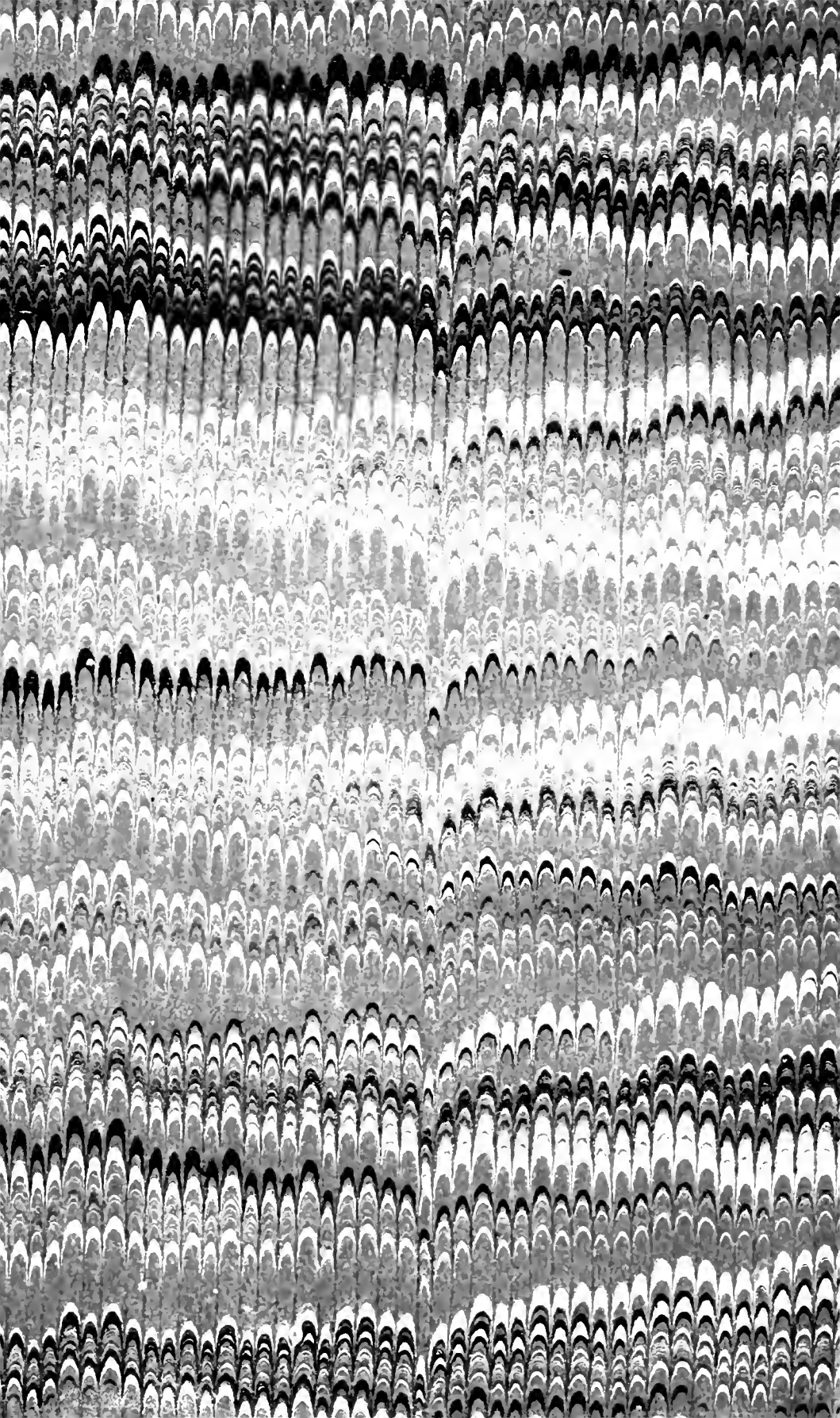
Thus with pride, such as now will remain
Forever, this proof of esteem,
Recurred to again and again,
And nought but respect will they deem.

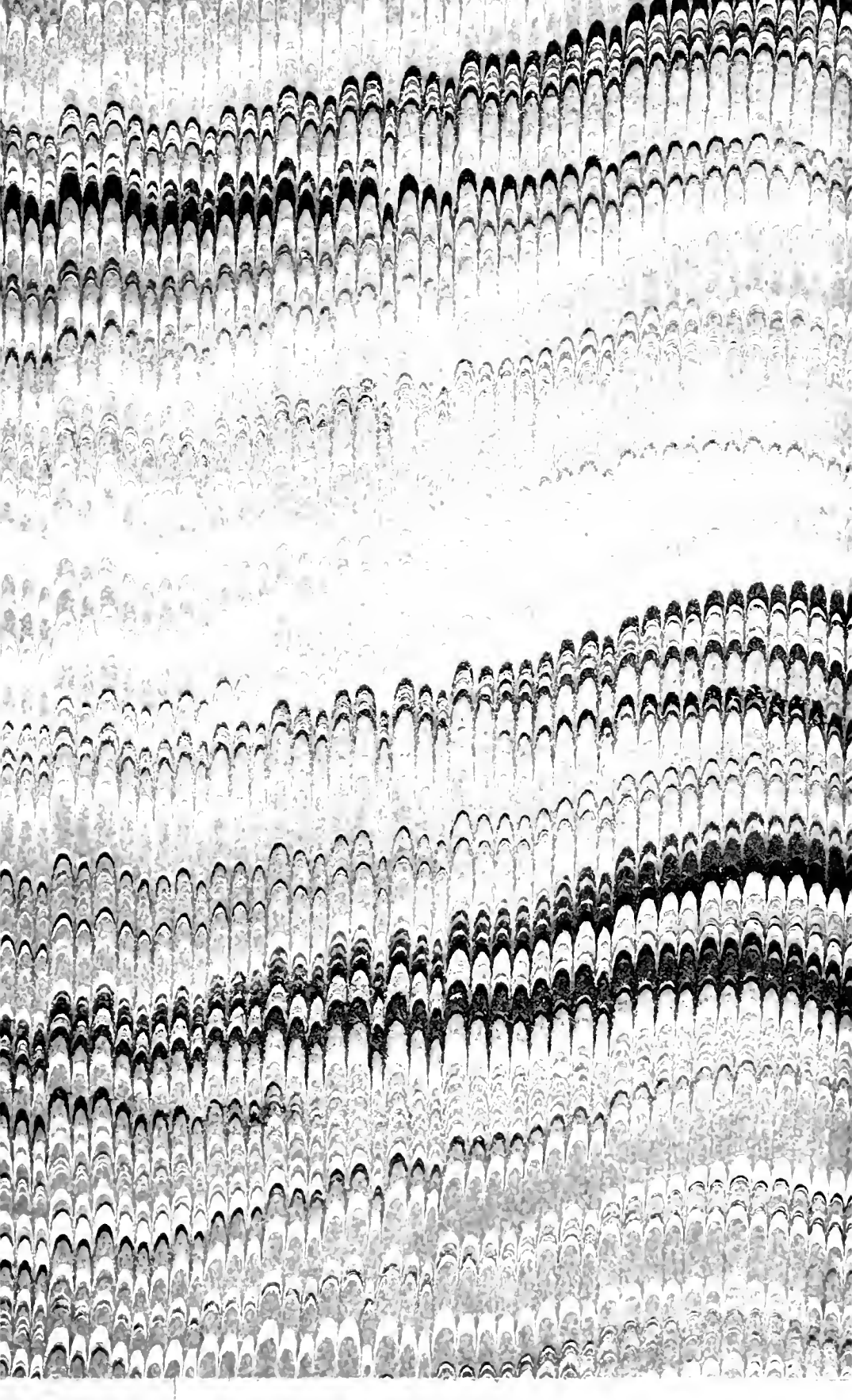
*On the Loss of Sixty Men Crossing the Shenandoah, near
Paris, Virginia, April, 1862.*

They fell, not in the battle's shock,
Where furious steeds rush o'er the plain,
And cannon's roar and bomb-shells mock
The hope to 'scape as idle—vain.
When, ranged in line of battle, stand
Undaunted, firm, the bold and brave,

Where volleys pour on every hand,
 And bayonet-charge opes many a grave,
 No dreadful stroke cut off life's thread ;
 No sabre wound ; no Minie ball ;
 No wily foe in ambush laid ;
 No dread explosion works their fall ;
 Not helpless, wounded, sick or weak,
 Not maimed, or by disease laid low,
 Did death to them his mandate speak ;
 As with his scythe he struck the blow,
 But crossing Shenandoah's flood,
 Whose volume rolls down from Blue Ridge,
 These vigorous heroes noble, good,
 Press'd with firm foot a treach'rous bridge.
 It rock'd,—gave way , it crash'd—it fell,
 It plunged them in the current deep.
 Their country's tears the sad tale tell,—
 For sixty brave their sad friends weep.







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